

long in finding a little, humble-looking building which they called the "Holland Baptist Church." Upon inquiry I was informed that as soon as the Sunday School was over, the meeting would begin. When the school was out the children seemed to be glad, for they stormed out of the house with a great noise. Now I went in, and as I could speak and understand the Holland language, as well as the German, I helped them sing, and when the preacher began speaking, I was all attention. His text was Cant. 4: 16, "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south; blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruit." All the while he was preaching I remembered having read the sermon before. It seemed so near like Krummacher's sermon upon the same text, that it was not new to me, neither did I find anything in it that did my wounded, sin smitten soul any good. After preaching, the minister asked me who I was, just fresh from the fatherland, and where I now lived in the city, and voluntarily promised to come and see me, which he accordingly did, accompanied by two of his brethren. Now they began to ask many questions about the Baptists in Germany, which I answered as well as I could, and then the preacher asked me if I had a letter. I had not so much as heard of such a thing before, and hence I told him the Free Grace Baptists in Germany held that "we